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A USELESS BARRICADE.

UNCLE SAM.—When I git a-going, nothin' can stop me!

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 15th, 1890.—No. 671.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN THE OLD DAYS — the old days when we were a farming nation — if a farmer wanted to have the frame of his barn raised, (he generally "calculated" to clapboard and shingle it himself,) he sent out an invitation to all his friends and neighbors, asking them to come and help him. They came, and gave him a day's work apiece, getting nothing in return but their victuals, and such allowance of cider or switchel as their host's means allowed and his generosity suggested. But, when any one of these neighbors wanted a barn raised, he issued a similar invitation, with similar results, and the man whom he had helped helped him in turn. This was a good way of doing things — a good, manly, honest, public-spirited way. How would it have been, though, had the farmer gone around, or got some one else to go around for him, with a subscription-list, asking his neighbors to contribute what they could to the sum he needed to enable him to have his barn raised?

* * *

How would it have been? Well, he would have circulated another subscription-list to enable him to have his barn clap-boarded; and he might have got his money for that purpose. But then he would have circulated still another list, and asked for money to enable him to shingle the barn. Then his neighbors would have lost patience and said: "This is too much. He must buy his own shingles, and shingle his own barn for himself." And he, being by that time accustomed to dependence, would have sat down and bewailed his lot, and let the barn stand unshingled until the rain and wind destroyed it. Such a man would raise children who could not help themselves, and his grandchildren would naturally belong in the poor-house.

* * *

It is a good thing to be public-spirited: it is a very different thing, and a bad thing, to get into the way of thinking that all that is to be done in this world to help our fellow-creatures is to be done by appeal to an indiscriminate public charity. And it is not pleasant to reflect that whereas, one hundred years ago, there may have been, in this country, one subscription-list going around, to every hundred barn-raisings, to-day there are one thousand subscription-lists to one barn-raising.

* * *

The subscription-list is the easy, ready remedy for every ill that moves the sympathetic heart. Is the widow left destitute? Is the husband and father sick and out of work? Is the benevolent society short of funds? Has somebody been hurt on the railroad? Circulate a subscription-list — circulate it anywhere and everywhere, among people who wish to subscribe to it and among people who don't: collect the money, hand it over to somebody or anybody, and turn away to look for somebody or some thing for whom or for which a new subscription-list may be started. It is not necessary to see what becomes of the fund subscribed, so long as it is paid over to the "somebody" who is always ready to receive it. Perhaps it will be well-spent; perhaps it will be ill-spent. What does it matter? If the sufferer is in need again, we can always circulate another subscription-list.

* * *

This may seem a loose way of illustrating the general demoralization of public sentiment upon this subject. But if any one thinks it is extravagant, let him look at the daily papers — especially at those of the sensational sort. Years ago, it occasionally happened that a bright newspaper reporter, in the course of his duty, chanced upon some case of exceptionally pitiful destitution among the worthy poor. This case was presented to the public, often with remarkable skill and tact, in the columns of the newspaper for which the reporter wrote, and the readers of the newspaper invariably showed the promptest generosity in relieving the sufferers. Well and good. It was a good deed on the part of the reporter, on the part of the editor who let him write the story up, and on the part of the readers who opened their hearts and their purses.

* * *

But even grown-up folks are likely to behave, after their own fashion, like the smart little boy who is praised for saying something that is clever. The little boy at once makes himself a nuisance by saying a great many other things that are n't clever in the least; and we, his seniors, make a mistake quite as bad as his, in trying to repeat successes of a kind that won't bear frequent repetition. The newspapers found out that these occasional appeals to the sympathies of the people were useful little sensations; and then they set to work to hunt for occasions for similar appeals; and the hungry widow became capital for the space-writer, who, naturally, did not pause to inquire whether her hunger was not the direct result of her expenditure for beer. And all that the space-writer now wants, all that the sensational newspaper that employs him wants, is an excuse for getting up a subscription, in order to report that so much money has been collected for the afflicted Mrs. Smith by the efforts of the *Daily Shriek*, whose kindly interest in her piteous case evokes the grateful acknowledgement of the widow, expressed in the most elegant English of which the space-writer has command.

* * *

A prominent police official in Brooklyn was recently asked to order the men under his charge to assist in the collection of a charitable fund started, for advertising purposes, by a well-known daily paper that makes itself peculiarly prominent in this sacred cause. "I won't do it," he said. "We are becoming a nation of beggars." Many a pestered business-man may have had the same idea, without, perhaps, the ability to express it so tersely and forcibly.

* * *

Of course this general toleration of mendicancy re-acts seriously upon the cause of true charity and public spirit. We see the subscription for the Washington Memorial Arch dragging slowly along, because the citizens of New York are so assailed and besieged with subscription-lists that they have ceased to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy, and dole out a little to every man who comes along with a sheet of paper and a fountain-pen in his hand. This is bad enough — bad enough to call for an immediate and thorough reform. But infinitely worse is the effect of this example of popular pauperism upon the young men of the country who are growing up, to whom we must look to work for themselves, for their families, and for the national prosperity. Could we do them a worse wrong than to teach them that if they can not get along by themselves, the subscription-list will help them?

PREPARED FOR ANY THING.

OFFICER *(on West Street)*. — I don't know whether to run you in or not. You look kinder suspicious.

LORD HUGHSON *(just over)*.— I 'm all right. Been reading about your climate here, and did n't know just how to take it.

TWO SONGS

I.

My cigarette burns fair and free,
The curling smoke goes higher;
Soft dream-clouds they, in which I see
Fulfilled all I desire —

A stately home, with portals wide,
On broad lawn graceful-sweeping,
(Sweet roses red on every side
Go up the trellis creeping.

A silver lake comes to the lawn
And laps its verdant edges,
While in and out the graceful swan
Glides lightly through the sedges.)

The happy home in which I live,
Beloved and rich as Crœsus,
With open hand to spend or give,
Just as my fancy pleases.

And Phyllis fair my home to grace,
And love me truly ever,
Sweet Phyllis with her beauteous face
That none can equal — *never*.

* * * * * * *

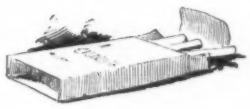
II.

(*By another hand.*)

They made the gentle poet's grave
By the side of the peaceful river,
Where the soft night-breeze that comes o'er the wave
Makes the moonbeams lightly quiver.

And the bright green grass grows lightly o er,
And the myrtle and violet
Spell "Taken away (aged twenty-four)
By the deadly cigarette."

Roy L. McCardell.



A MEAN MAN.

His wife had just made a remark, in the wit of which she experienced a feeling of pride. The husband was the butt of the wit, and he became angry.

I mention this, because cases of a husband becoming angry are extremely rare, and new instances should always be recorded with scrupulous care.

The husband smiled — with pain. The wife saw the pain in the smile, and hailed a writhing victim. She therefore turned to Mr. R. W. Smith, who was a guest at the time, and made another reflection on her husband.

She believed that having made two of these remarks, it was a close call if she were not gifted in epigram. A thought of Madame de Maintenon crossed her mind, and made her giddy.

"You are very funny," said the writhing husband.

The wife tossed her head, and pleaded guilty, with a pleased look at the uncomfortable guest who was hugely enjoying the whole affair, but who, in afterward telling of the scene, said that such things make a person feel very ill at ease.

"Yes, you are very witty," said the husband; "if I could write down all you say it would be worth two million dollars — to write it down."

Here the guest, who has the height of good breeding, tactfully interrupted, by stating that he would take "some more soup."

Williston Fish.

MATED MINDS.

"I can tell you *one* thing," said Mr. Fizzgig, with emphasis; "when I marry, it won't be any 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Latin!"

"No," said Edgely, looking at him attentively; "nor beans."

THE END OF THE HUNT.

Mrs. Warburton (*after the crash*). — Why, Father! What is the matter?

Young Rupert W. — Grandpap an' me was playin' bear, up in th' nursery, an' he tried to 'scape down th' cleft cañon of th' Rockies.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

A Beggarly Account of Empty Boxes — The Average Sporting Column.

A Spark of Genius — One Who Knows When to Go Home.

Cut and Dried — The Man who was "Withered by a Glance."

Returned With Thanks — Grace Before Meat.

Music by the Banned — The Organ Grinders.

A Line of Business — The Lynchers' Rope.

A "Pack" Animal — The Cigarette Fiend.

The Pale of Civilization — Face-Powder.

Booted and Spurred — The Slow Horse.

With Might and Mane — The Lion.

Light and Shade — A Window.

A Military Heir — The Son of a Gun.

An Utter Failure — The Stammerer.

A Household Word — Mortgage.

A Ready Writer — The Life-Boat.

The First Person Singular — Adam.

An Heir-line — The Birth Notice.

No Sooner Said Than Done — Amen.

The Cream of the Joke — Ice-Cream.

A Buy-word and a Reproach — Boodle.

Out in the Cold — A Handkerchief.

Fixed up Regardless — The Glass Eye.

A Rough Estimate — Figuring on Sand-Paper

Chas. F. Lummis.

PUT A DIME IN THE SLOT, AND GET A PUCK.

HAVE YOU NOTICED how easily most things are got
In this wonderful age of invention and skill?
A nickel dropped carelessly into a slot,
And you have at your service whatever you will:
Your weight told in figures that do not deceive,
And are stamped on a card with the year, month and day;
An accident ticket, a nice thing to leave
With the good wife, to comfort her while you 're away;
Opera-glasses, to heighten the ballet,
Voluptuous whirlwind of beauty and tulle;
A package of chocolate candies for Sally,
And tolu for Tommy, to take down to school;
A couple of stamps is the latest, I think,
And soon we will have what the public have cried for,
A cocktail — or any thing else you may drink,
(The patent for this is already applied for).
And now if some genius will but try his luck,
I am sure he can make, in a very short time,
A machine that will give up a copy of PUCK
Upon feeding the slot with two nickels — a dime.

E. L. Adams.

AFTER THE POLITICAL TIFF.

HOGAN. — G'lang out o' that, now. Av Oi locked like you Oi 'd go hang mesilf!
BROGAN.—T'ank hivin, Oi doan' resimble you, you shnake!

MR. GEORGE KENNAN IN AMERICA.

IV.—THE TYRANNY OF CORPORATIONS.

ON OUR RETURN from Albany we at once sought out a prominent Mugwump, and asked him who were the real rulers of the American people. He replied, without a moment's hesitation, that the great corporations, acting through their agents, the Bosses, were the autocrats of the country. "Everybody, in one form or another, is compelled to pay tribute to the corporations," he continued; "and the tax falls with greater severity on the farmers than any class of people."

"But," said Mr. Frost, whose brain was becoming fuddled by his endeavors to straighten out the tangled complications of American politics, "the agriculturists seem to be the very ones who are supporting the corporations in all that they do. Why is that?"

"Because," said the Mugwump, "they are in the hands of the Bosses, and do what they are bidden. Now I am taxed forty per cent. on every thing that I wear. Part of this goes to the government in the shape of duty, if the goods are imported; but if they are of domestic manufacture the maker of them gets about fifteen per cent., and the rest of the tax of forty per cent. is wasted in the attempt to manufacture what can be bought for less money abroad. Now, if we bought more things abroad we would export more, because, as you know, we pay for our imports, not in cash but in our own products. Therefore, the farmer who is taxed on every thing that he uses derives no benefit from what he foolishly calls a 'protective tariff,' but, on the contrary, has the market for his own corn and wheat curtailed to very narrow limits."

At this moment a loud explosion in the street caused us to spring to our feet, and rush to the window.

"Nothing but the steam-pipes bursting," said the Mugwump, carelessly. "You see the corporations have the right to dig up the streets wherever and whenever they please, and lay down as many electric wires or steam pipes as they choose. There 's a bill up in Albany now to lay a line of dynamite under Broadway. I don't exactly know what for — but it will be a handy thing to have near the gas-mains and electric wires. The corporations now own and control the elevated railways above, the surface roads beneath, and the subways under the earth. If they want the Battery for a downtown dépôt they will get it."

"But," I asked, "how do the corporations contrive to get the support of the hayseeds in all their schemes of plunder?"

"Because, of all fools on earth the average ruralist is the biggest," was the reply.

"And will you tell me what a Mugwump is, and why there is such an outcry against him?"

"A Mugwump," he said slowly and thoughtfully, "is a man with a keen sense of humor. When he is asked to give his money and influence in support of a bill to protect the infant industry of stealing forty per cent. of his income, he bursts into a roar of laughter, a proceeding which is liable, as your friend, Mr. Mossback, says, to clog the wheels of legislation. He is also prone to mirth when asked to support the Republican party of 1890, because of the party attitude on the question of negro slavery, which ceased to harass us in 1865. The Mugwump is a new element in politics, and a disturbing one, too."

J. L. Ford.

IT DID N'T WORK.

MR. JUBAL T. EARLYBIRD *(9:30 P. M.)*. — Here, now! he can't *help* seeing that when he comes in; so we can go to bed in peace.

A BASE SLANDER.

"I think," remarked Mrs. Pullman to Miss Lakeview, "that the way the papers run Chicago about divorce is simply scandalous. I would n't say any thing if there were any reasonable ground for it; but there is n't. It 's all made out of whole cloth. Why, I don't believe I know twenty divorced people in the entire circle of my acquaintance!"

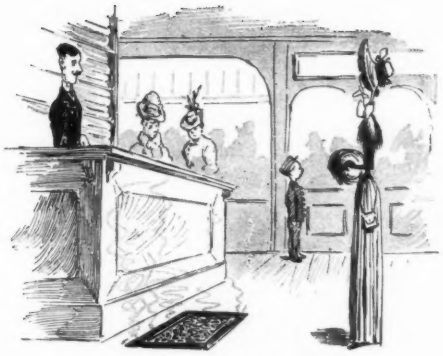
THE WRONG PREPOSITION.

"You write for the comic papers, don't you, Woodby?" inquired a friend.

"Hardly *for*," replied Woodby, gloomily, as he pared the lambrequin of his trousers with a penknife, "*to*."

BROTHER-IN-LAW JIM *(1:30 A. M.)*— Guess I 'd better go upstairs in the old family style to-night, so 's not to disturb Jubal and the rest of 'em.

A SLIGHT RISE.



MISS SPAYRE. — I think I 'll look at some of that muslin delaine —

— Eighty-seven cents a yard ! Is n't it going up a little ?

MR. PHAYRE. — Oh, yes ! every thing is going up, now.

RUS IN URBE. — A FANCY SKETCH.

JOHN ROBERTS was a farmer who lived in the central part of New York State. In the early part of the Winter, as there was nothing to do on the farm and he had a little money to spare, he proposed to his wife that they should make a little visit to the city. They came to New York, put up at a second-class hotel, and remained in town a week, in the course of which Mary (for, strangely enough, that and neither Mehitabel nor Samanthy was Mrs. Roberts's name) did a good deal of small shopping, and both she and John took in the picture galleries and several of the theatres.

On the last evening of their stay in town they attended a performance of "Die Meistersinger," at the Metropolitan Opera House, and John remarked that the opera was the best of Wagner's he had heard, with the possible exception of "Lohengrin." Mary admitted the truth of this proposition, but said that for her part she preferred "Faust" and "Lucia" to any thing Wagner ever wrote.

Neither of this precious pair of rustics expressed any surprise at the vastness of the house or the apparent poverty of the box-holders, as evinced by the insufficiency of their raiment, because, you see, John and Mary had both been there before.

Indeed, this little visit to New York, with its attendant small dissipations, were annual events in their lives. This habit, and the further facts that both were persons of fair education, and a good deal of intelligence, wearing clothes which were not remarkable in any way, enabled them successfully to run the gauntlet of the confidence operators, and caused them to give up their baggage checks to the transfer agent with no more than a reasonable amount of reluctance, in defiance of all tradition.

When they had started to return to the farm, John bought copies of two or three of the popular humorous weeklies, and after glancing through them handed them to his wife, with the remark: "It is strange that the comic papers are the only things that are not up to the times."

Dick Law.

OUT OF DANGER.

MRS. CHEVRET. — O Sam ! Is this the way you look after Baby ? *Do* you *see* what the child is doing ? He 'll POISON himself ! What *are* you *about ?*

MR. CHEVRET. — I 'm about taking a drink. Those homœpathic pellets can't hurt him, and may cure him of being so pernicketty.

WILL THE GOVERNOR ALLOW THE EXPERIMENT?

WILCOX. — Well, I see the paper says that the Supreme Court states that electrical execution is constitutional; so I suppose that 's the end of it.

GIBBS. — End of what — capital punishment ?

SCRAPS.

The battle bravely fought and nobly lost,
A general defeated breaks his sword.
After a civic fight ignobly won,
A president successful breaks his word.

OUT TO BLOWTOWN.

"Have a good time in Chicago ?"
"Yep."
"Did they blow you off ?"
"No. They blew me out."

THEN HE KNEW HOW TO TAKE HER.

"You are a queer girl. I never know how to take you."

"Pshaw ! Why, the Broadway cars go right by the door."

"What door ?"

"The Opera House."

An Expert Opinion.

WA SHEE. — Melican man's cigalette no good !

POLITENESS *VS.* POLICY.

LAWYER *(entering cell).* — How are you feeling this morning ?

MURDERESS. — Very well, thank you.

LAWYER *(furiously).* — Very well ? ! What the deuce do you mean by having such brutal, rugged, good health when you know that your life depends on your delicate condition !

RUMOR HAS IT that a prominent Republican newspaper is under a cloud with the administration by reason of a misprint reference to Snapper Harrison.

IMMACULATE TAMMANY has discovered that the streets of New York are filthy. Can it be that the Winter's pure mantle of "beautiful snow" has been delayed so far through entering into a "deal" with the Wigwam ?

WHAT THE MAN with influenza dreads is sneezeterly wind.

DIGNITY IS a good thing; but if you 're in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.

THE UNDERCLOTHES DEALER who thought this summery
Winter had emptied of joy his cup,
Now smiles, as the things he 's been marking downward,
With electric passion he marks 'way up.

AN OPEN AND SHUT LETTER.

Mr. Chas. Battell Loomis — Dear Sir:

In running through Puck this morning to catch a train of thought, I fell into your Open Letter. It is fortunate that you thought to close it at the bottom, or I might be falling yet. As it was, I got considerably cut up — though the salve you considerately left around the edges somewhat mitigates my laceration.

Your gage of Battell was thrown down so unexpectedly that I am hardly prepared to stand you off; but I sprained one of my feet the other day (trying to make a spondee of "pity") and can not run. You will therefore prepare to be thrown into the same postal aperture.

As to your charge that I am your double and undoer, that is too labored; and, like much other Labor, will not work. Your double, of course, is double you; and I have n't such a thing to my name. Hale and farewell to that, then.

Don't you think it rather mean, by the way, to talk about "the name I bear?" If I bear it, it is n't my fault. Goodness knows I 'm doing my best to bull it!

The lummisimilitude of our names has worried *me* a good deal, too; but I saw no way out of it. It is too bad that you did not mention the matter before, for now your proposition that I change my name comes too late. I regret to cause you pain, but it can never be. I can only be a — that is, a brother to you. (I hope the compositor will not omit from that word its most important R.)

My first impulse on reading your attack was to retort — "You 're another!" But truthfulness compels me to forego that clincher. You are nearly another, but not quite. That is to say, another Lummis. You *are* quite another Loomis.

I sympathize with your annoyances. I too have suffered. It used to puzzle me that publishers could dare throw my lambent lines overboard; but when I discovered you, all became plain. A hasty glance at the signature had led them to fancy that it was only some of your stuff. A friend in the East wrote me only the other day: "That 's a good scheme of yours — putting your *real* name only to the work you are not ashamed of."

And still you have been lucky. They are all "onto" you. There is a heredity in the human larynx which makes it difficult to rhyme Lum with sum. I have had some trouble myself in getting the two together. They never called you Lummis; but every man I ever met has called me Loomis — till after he had been trepanned and had a large flat U grafted upon his cerebellum.

The adjustment of this name business is a delicate affair. Your own arguments recoil upon you. *You* are in *my* way, too; it seems to me that there are better reasons why you should be the one to pull out and leave me a clear Field — which is, I believe, the original meaning of both names, and may explain why you have taken a-fence at my poaching. You will concede that our only hope of distinction (as well as of contradistinction) lies in letters; and I am sure you will yield when you learn that my name has the most. That F. does not stand for that curt and unpleasant monosyllable that my work may have led you to suppose. It puts me one letter ahead of you.

Then you must admit that while your name is probably the older, you still O something on it, while mine has paid its way to the proud M-inence which it enjoys to-day. I am only sorry that, no matter how we start, we are both sure to end amiss.

We might, of course, be differentiated, as twins are wont to be; in which case the read ribbon would undoubtedly go to you. Or, we might sign ourselves, respectively, "Chas. B. Loomis, You," and "Chas. F. Lummis, Me." In fact, I would give assent to any reasonable arrangement — if the publishers will supply the change. In forty or fifty years, however, I expect to have enough to retire on, any how; and then you will be annoyed no more. Let 's wait.

Yours approximately,

Chas. F. Lummis.

P. S. — If you think any of those checks were really meant for me, I wish you 'd forward them. I would like to put a new patch on my checkered career.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

Mr. Wombat. — 'Xcuse me, boss, is dis yere a City Hall or a Souf' Ferry train?

Long Wing. — Please tellee me what station I gettee off, Mist'r; I wantee go Livington Stleet!

Finn *(to himself)*. — Av anny o' me fri'nds should see me now, Oi 'd be dishgraced foriver!

PROBABLY NOT.

Impecune. — Here is a book published as by "Washington Frothingham and Charlemagne Tower" — Frothingham wrote the book and Tower paid the bills.

Poeticus. — By Jove! I wonder if Rothschild or Vanderbilt would collaborate with me on a book of poems!

LAST YEAR.

Von Moltke is 89. He is a year behind the times.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"Is it true there is a great deal of malaria in Chicago?"

"Yes; so much so that there is some talk of renaming the town Shakague."

ANOTHER HORSE.

Gladys. — Do you like Patti in "The Barber of Seville?"

Hortense. — Yes; but I really think that "La Traviata" is her *cheval de bataille.*

Mabel *(who is studying French)*. — Is that the *hors de combat* we read about?

AN INADVERTENCE.

Post-Office Watchman. — Hi! You must n't spit on the floor!

Mr. Grippe. — Oh — beg pardon; I forgot that the Postmaster-General sells cuspidors to the Government!

NO GOOD.

"What do you think of the whiskey blossom for a National Flower?"

"That 's all in your Rye."

SOCIAL AMEANITIES.

Miss Poorbody-Leftby. — It 's a wonder Miss McGilder can be so light-hearted after playing such a mean trick on Mr. Snowdin last night, when he asked for her hand.

Mr. Olfam. — Did she refuse him?

Miss Poorbody-Leftby. — No; she accepted him.

It is a strange thing that the bald-headed man generally has hair on the brain.

HIS RHYME.

It took the young man quite a time
To make his would-be funny rhyme.
His best girl, reading, murmured "sweet!"
And all his friends pronounced it neat,
And they declared they 'd seen worse rhymes
In comic papers lots of times;
And they felt sure he 'd have good luck
If he would send it on to Puck.

* * *

He sent it — but it came back wet
With tears from the Editors' regret.

J. H. C.

SOMETHING TO SAY.

To the Editor of Puck — Sir:

Have you any thing to say on the propriety of the President, Mr. Depew, and the bulk of the Senate signing an address to Mr. Gladstone, which is simply a screed on the Irish question?

I do not beg your favor, or deprecate your disfavor: you are candid in expression of dislike for much "English."

But you are just, and I think it time a "halt" were called to the interference with my country's affairs.

Can you imagine the effect of a similar intrusion with a burning question in the States, and would a sympathetic letter to a Nihilist, who had failed to "bomb" the Czar, command Mr. Harrison's ready sympathy and signature?

Mr. Speaker Reed's refusal to sign the manifesto is significant.

Your obedient servant,

"*Hands Off.*"

Puck has only this to say, at present: that it sympathizes very sincerely with Mr. Handsoff, and wishes that the gentlemen who would better be employed in looking after this country would cease from meddling with matters that do not concern them in other countries. Puck will have more to say on this subject in the future.

MIGHTY LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

The goat eats tomato cans, and such,
To the amusement of man;
But what can tickle man's palate so much
As an oyster can?

GOOD FOR ANOTHER YEAR AT LONELYVILLE.

Mrs. Haven. — Just think of those poor people in the city, cooped up in hot flats, with coal fires, and no pure air at all!

Mr. Haven. — I don't dare to, *(cough)* — just after I've paid for my yearly commutation ticket.

MUST BE NEW.

Old Lady *(from the country)*. — I 'd like to git a pair o' shoes, young man.

Polite Clerk. — Yes, Ma'am. Something pretty nice, Ma'am?

Old Lady. — I want 'em good 'n' stout.

Polite Clerk. — Well, Ma'am, here 's a strong shoe, an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this Winter —

Old Lady. — Man alive, I don't want no shoe that 's been worn this Winter nor any other Winter; I want a bran' new pair!

Boys desert from the naval service; no wonder. A collegiate course in languages would be needed to fit them for companionship with their shipmates when they became men.

Our amiable District Attorney is "obliged to postpone several cases, because many of the witnesses on both sides are *sick*." There is a strong case of sympathetic ailment between witnesses and public over the conduct of the business.

ON THE MAKE.

Effie's Brother. — Do you love my sister Effie?

Effie's Steady Company. — Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?

Effie's Brother. — She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I 'd like to scoop it in.

SINCERE SYMPATHY.

Philadelphia Man. — You live in New York, I believe?

New York Man. — I reside in Brooklyn.

Philadelphia Man. — I can sympathize with you. I live in Camden.

THAT KEPT IT DOWN.

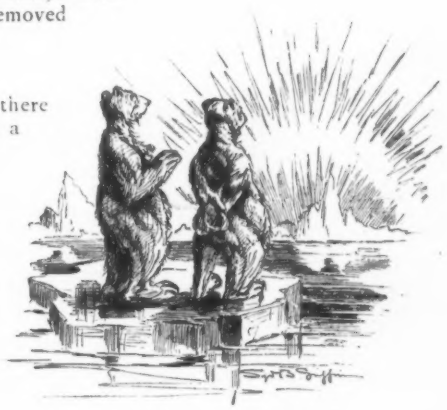
McDuff. — Wot youse fellers raised de price o' beer ter ten cents a pint fer?

Mick *(proprietor of Mizk's Place)*. — De recent advance in Champagne has removed competition, Tommy.

"In union there is strength;" but there is a great difference between a Labor Union and a union of labor.

"I don't see why President Harrison, in his message, recommended the introduction of an improved form of car-coupler," said Algernon, looking up from his newspaper. "That stray Methodist parson Nellie and I found on the train the night we eloped did the job effectively enough."

1889 has gone away,
And 1890 's come to stay;
But no one 'd know it from the way
That writing people date the day.

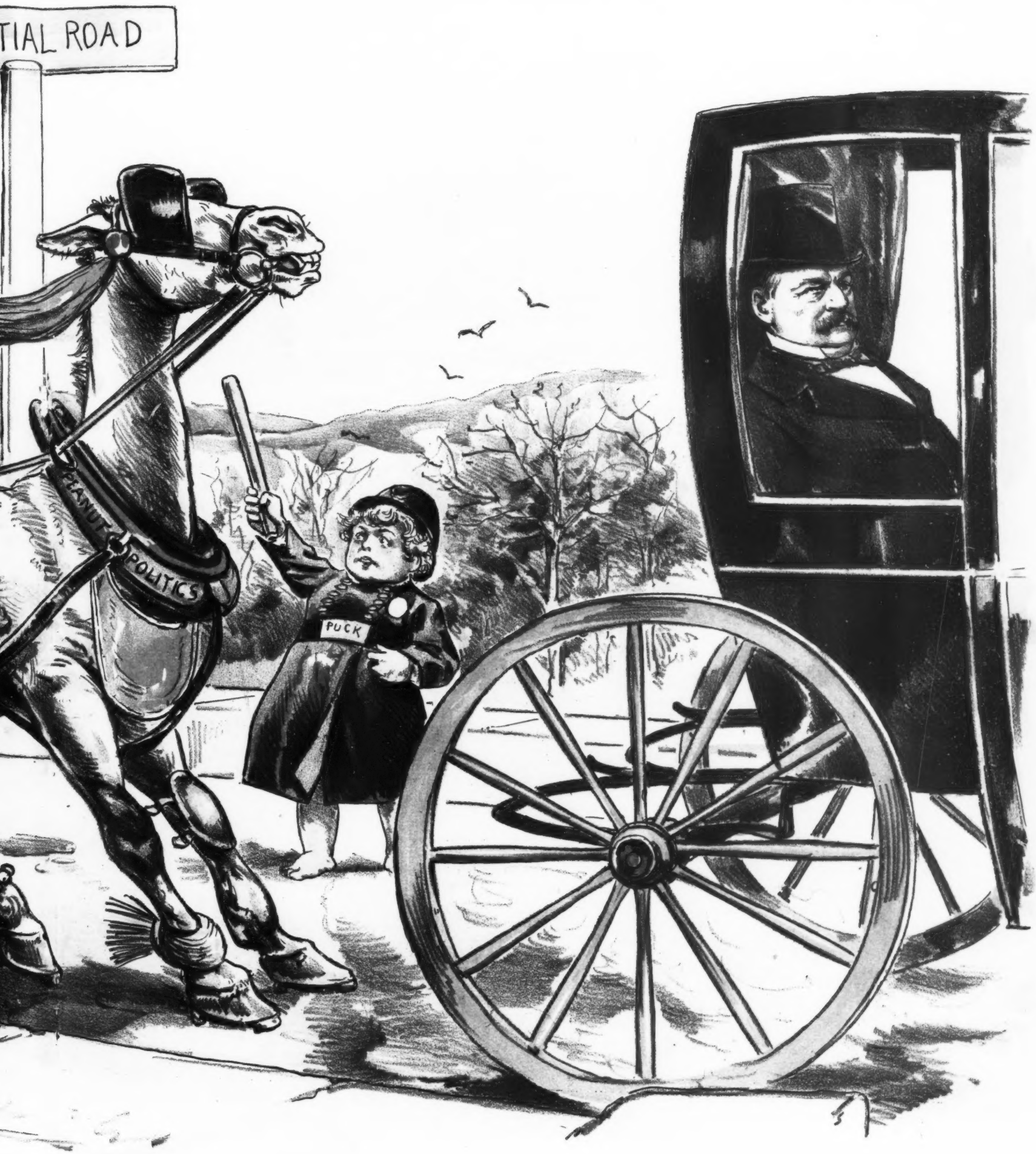


About the Same Thing.

"By George!" said Mr. Polar Bear, as he gazed at the Borealis; "it 's a corker."

"No," said Mrs. Polar Bear; "it is not a corker. It's Aurora."

HE CAN'T



CAN'T GET BY.

DISCUSSING THE MATTER.

A Tragedy, Suitable for Presentation in Behalf of the World's Fair Fund.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRST MAN.....*From New York.*
SECOND MAN.....*From St. Louis.*
PEACEMAKER.....*From Washington.*

SCENE.

(Smoking-room on the "Limited" West-bound from New York. FIRST MAN *reading newspaper and* SECOND MAN *doing ditto. Both smoking.)*

FIRST MAN *(throwing down newspaper).*—Great scheme—this of celebrating the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America, eh?

SECOND MAN *(with animation).*—Yes, indeed.

FIRST MAN.—How absurd Chicago's claim for the Fair is!

SECOND MAN.—Absolutely disgusting!

FIRST MAN.—With her smoke—

SECOND MAN.—*And* her smells.

FIRST MAN.—Oh, it 's outrageous! I would n't live in that town for a thousand a week.

SECOND MAN.—I would n't *die* there for twice as much.

FIRST MAN—Why, it would n't be safe for a stranger to go on the streets after dark—look at the police force! I tell you it does me good to see how the rascals have been shown up by this Cronin case!

SECOND MAN.—Do you know, I don't believe that a man could live in that town two weeks and stay honest.

(Pause of fifty-one seconds.)

FIRST MAN *(complacently).*—Oh, there 's no use talking, New York 's the only place for the Fair!

SECOND MAN *(surprised).*—W-W-What 's that?

FIRST MAN *(emphatically).*—I say New York 's the only place for the Fair.

SECOND MAN *(flushing).*—New York! Why, man, you 're joking, are n't you? New York stands about as much show for the Fair as an icicle in Hades does for growing longer! St. Louis will get the Fair!

FIRST MAN *(loudly, also flushing).*—St. Louis! What! that forsaken jumping-off place in the wilderness!

SECOND MAN.—Take care, sir; I 'm a Western man, remember, sir—don't go too far, sir!

FIRST MAN *(contemptuously).*—Bah! if you 're no better than the burg you come from, it 's a wonder some bunco-steerer did n't steal you and drop you in the drink before you left New York. Rats! You 're McGinty in disguise, are n't you?

SECOND MAN *(threateningly).*—You 're insulting, sir! I 'd have you understand that a man from St. Louis won't take an insult, sir! I *was* lucky to get out of New York without being robbed—in the West we lynch—

FIRST MAN *(gasps and rises to his feet).*—You infernal—you infernal pig-sticker!

SECOND MAN *(also rises to his feet).*—You—you—*(sputters and is unable to continue. They clinch. A very interesting argument ensues on the floor, in which the New Yorker apparently has the better of it, although the Westerner seems to be feeling for a gun. Enter* PEACEMAKER, *who pulls them apart.)*

PEACEMAKER *(soothingly).*—Gentlemen, gentlemen! What 's the trouble? This is no way to settle differences!

SECOND MAN *(rising and gasping).*—That blankety blanked fool says New York 's the only place for the Fair!

FIRST MAN.—And that—that—that—jack rabbit from the prairies says St. Louis ought to get it! *(Wipes blood from his face, and glares fiercely.)* Oh, let me get at him!

PEACEMAKER *(releasing hold on combatants).*—If that 's the case, gentlemen, go in and fight it out. I 'm from Washington.

FIRST MAN. }
SECOND MAN. } —What! Whoopee!!

(Smash, crash, rattle, bang, thud. FIRST MAN *and* SECOND MAN *retire together after two minutes lively work.* COLORED PORTER *enters, sweeps remains of* PEACEMAKER *up on dust-pan, and goes out whistling, "Where Did You Get That Hat?")*

CURTAIN.

Edward Marshall.

AN AWKWARD ACCESSORY.

TICKET-AGENT.—Do you mean to stand there and tell me that that fellow is only five years old?
MR. STRAW.—Yes, I do. That thing on his chin 's a mole.

A COLD NIGHT FOR ELOPEMENTS.

YOUNG L'OCHINVAR.—It 's all up, Kate! You might as well go back. Selim 's frozen in!

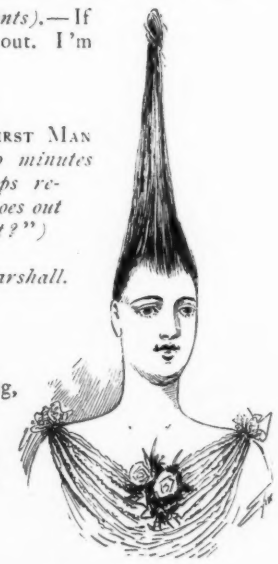
KILLED AN INNOCENT MAN.

BJAGGS.—Well, he did n't stay down long, did he?

BJIGGS.—Who did n't?

BJAGGS.—Mc——Ow! ow! oowow! ow! Wow! *(whack, whack, whack)* uh—uh—uh—*(dying)* Allister.

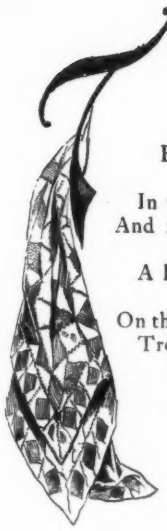
IN THIS WEATHER the fisherman may have to cut through the ice to get a bite; but he is n't obliged to do it in order to get a "nip."



World's Fair Styles.

THE EIFFEL TOWER POMPADOUR.

A CRAZY QUILT.



This, from her Paris dress of '87,
Is still the dainty hue
It was when she to me seemed
dropped from heaven
Beside the ocean blue.

Here is the crimson gown, all
dream-invented,
In which she poured the tea,
And made the drawing-room, all
flower scented,
A Paradise to me.

On this pink bit the languid daffodilly
Trembled in happy rest —
Rising and falling like the
creamy lily
Upon the lakelet's breast.

A calm moonlight effect her
white silk renders
By her dark tennis dress;
And here 's a fragment of my
green suspenders,
I really must confess.

Here my blue necktie, broidered with a daisy,
Or with a silken rose,
Brings back sweet thoughts of whirling in the
"mazy"—
The "Siren," I suppose.

I wore you, mauve scarf, when, with aching
sinews,
I rowed her near the mill,
On that bright day, whose sunshine still continues
My soul with light to fill.

Here are these queer-shaped pieces joined together,
Firm as our hearts and hands,
When we in soft empurpled halcyon weather
Wandered in lotus lands;

Wandered in listless joy through fields Elysian,
And under peaceful skies —
The future all a rosy posy vision,
Sweet with love melodies.

From under it now, louder than all Babel —
Causing my dream to break —
Issues a most appalling squalling — Mabel,
The baby is awake!

R. K. M.

FEMININE TACT.

Little Maud.—Mama, is n't there any Little Lady Fauntleroy?

Mama.—Perhaps, darling; but she is too wise to make a show of herself.

BUSINESS.

Millionairess.—Is this the office of the Real Estate and Title Guarantee Company?

Clerk.—Yes, 'm.

Millionairess.—I have a million dollars' worth of real estate which I wish to exchange for a title. Have you a Count or a Marquis?

Poor Wales feels that his life is throne away.

A man who is always behind is not necessarily a stern man. And one who draws a pension from the Pension Bureau is not by any means a bureau drawer.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Mr. Washington Hytes *(getting the drop on highwayman)*.—Ha! Two can play at that game.

Knight of the Road.—Don't shoot, Mister! Yer have n't got a single witness to prove self-defence! What show would yer have in der courts?

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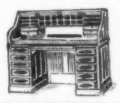

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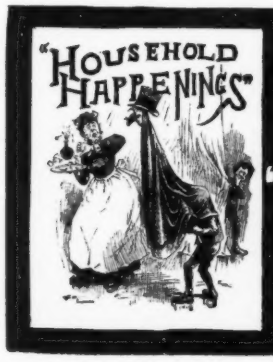

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HE LOVED HIS NIECE.

NELLIE.— And which of the Italian cities did you like best, Mr. Flei?

FLEI.— Well, my choice may be naughty, but it 's Nice. — *Drake's Magazine.*

OVERHEARD IN OUR POCKET.

OLD LETTER.— You don't know much about traveling, do you?

NEW LETTER.— No; but I expect to get posted shortly.— *Drake's Magazine.*

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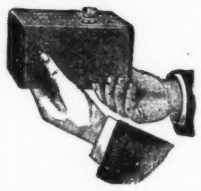

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Is it the wheels going around so fast that makes the locomotive's head-light? —*Exchange.*

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"McGinty" is being sadly overworked within the prison walls, and he's not on contract labor, either.— *Prison Mirror.*

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It must be because salvation is free that religion is so scarce in prisons. — *Prison-Mirror.*

The marksman gives endorsement to the notion that there is something in an aim.— *Yonkers Gazette.*

There may be many a slip between cup and lip, but there was only one slip between us and the sidewalk.–*Ex.*

The portability of the "World" Typewriter allows of its being carried in traveling, and in this way I do most of my correspondence while on the train. This alone is a great saving of time, besides, it prevents errors in the transmission of orders. It does as nice work as the more expensive machines, and saves one from that terror, the "hotel pen." I think the "World" should be in the hands of eve traveling man. F. WEBSTER,
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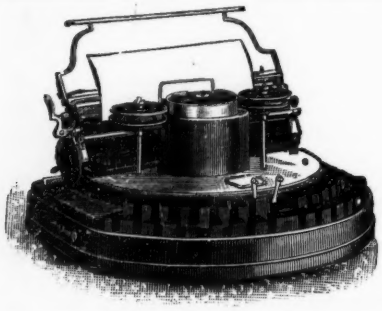

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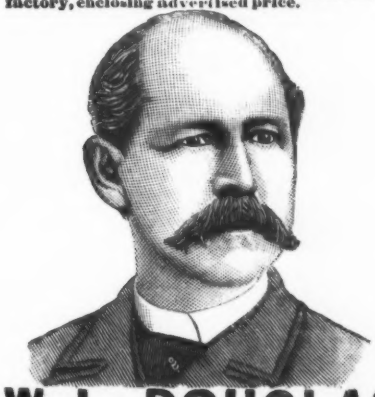

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